Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE PACIFIC

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VITAI LAMPADA.

There's a breathless hush of the close tonight—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke—
The gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honor a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year
While in her place the school is set
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

—Henry Newbolts.

THE PACIFIC

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PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

Lectures on Sociology by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Chamberlain are now a part of the prescribed course of study in Pacific Theological Seminary. Dr. Chamberlain has been giving lectures for more than a year, and the work has been so satisfactory that it is ordered now as a regular and permanent feature. The first half of this semester will be devoted to a study of the principles and methods of sociological investigation. The scientific, intellectual and spiritual qualifications will be considered. Then will follow studies of: (1) The Family; Marriage, Divorce, Eugenics, Home-building. (2) The City, Political, Economical, Social, Religious. (3) The State, Restrictive Laws, Educational Duties, Charities.

According to newspaper statements some of the ranchmen in California who employ Japanese laborers have been warned of trouble if they should not desist. One of the things greatly needed in this country is such a strict and speedy enforcement of the law, against all offenders, that men will scarcely dare to disturb others in their lawful rights. The authorities in Illinois are to be congratulated in that soldiers were hurried to Springfield and rioting promptly quelled there. Such a mob of white men as gathered in the streets of that city deserves only a shower of bullets. And in all such instances the soldiers who send them unhesitatingly and unerringly will do more for law and order and the welfare of our nation than could be done in such circumstances in any other manner.

A Tacoma citizen who has just returned from a trip to Colorado is urging the advertising of Mt. Tacoma (Ranier) as a valuable asset of the city. He says: "In the three cities at the base of Pike's Peak there are from 30,000 to 35,000 people. They have no business to speak of dependent upon the locality. It is the tourist that makes these cities." Pike's Peak, he says, is the great attraction, and adds: "I told them we had out here a bigger, grander, more beautiful mountain in Mt. Tacoma, and they laughed at me, and thought it was Western fever. There is nothing to Pike's Peak but a pile of rocks, and a cog-road. When you get to the top there is nothing there—nothing to see. It has no wonderful glaciers and ice caves, and no trees to look down on; and the mountain scenery which people travel long distances to see in Colorado is not to be compared with the magnificent scenery of Mt. Tacoma."

The California Christian Advocate comments on some of the recent utterances of Methodist Protestants and says: "It is quite evident that the hope for an immediate organic union is deferred. These organic union matters must grow. The Methodist Episcopal Church will be amazed to know that it is a hierachy. The Methodist Episcopal Church is not less a democracy than the Congregational Church, nor less a democracy than the Methodist Protestant Church or any simon pure theoretical democracy when we are in repose Pure democracy is a state not an organization. The church that believes that theory is paramount can afford to be democratic to the core, but no church in action can wait, always wait, for the initiative and referendum prorcesses. Time is too short."

Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon, will open its next year in September with a much larger enrollment than last year, and last year the attendance was twenty-three per cent higher than that of any previous year. The newly organized department of biblical literature will be in charge of Professor W. D. Ferguson, a graduate of Oberlin college and seminary. An endowment of $40,000 has been secured for this department. Professor Edson J. Baker of Olivet College, Michigan, takes charge of the department of chemistry as successor of Professor C. W. Cook, who goes to the University of Michigan. An assistant in the department of mathematics has been secured in the person of Mr. Henry F. Price, a graduate of Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. All things indicate that Pacific University intends to keep pace with the progress and increasing demands of the passing years.

The Rev. Jee Gam of the Chinese Congregational Church, San Francisco, will soon have two sons in two of the great educational instutions of the East—Yale and Harvard. Mr. Luther McLean Gee, who went to Harvard last year for post graduate study, in economics and commerce, after finishing a course in the University of California, will go to Yale for the coming year. Mr. Pond Mooar Gee, who finished the medical course this year in the University of California, will take post graduate studies for two years at Harvard. Both young men expect to go to China, where, doubtless, educated as they are and will be, they will have important part in shaping the future of that country. We congratulate the Rev. Jee Gam in that his life is thus to be linked again with life in his native land—and these young men in that there has come to them here in America that training which will fit them for splendid service in China's great future civilization.

The Rev. Walter Frear, of long time and valued service on the Pacific Coast, has attained to the age of eighty years. None, however, would estimate him, from appearance, to be more than seventy. Mr. Frear came to California in 1855, and the more than fifty years since that date have been spent in this state and in the Hawaiian Islands. For nearly twelve years he was the Pacific Coast secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to which work he gave the most painstaking service. Hearing that the people of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, were intending to surprise him by gathering at his home last Monday evening for an expression of their regard for him the editor of The Pacific betook himself thither, remembering the pleasant companionship he had had for many years with Mr Frear in Congregational headquarters in the Y. M. C. A. building in San Francisco and the fellowship in Pilgrim Church for several years also. It was good to be there and to hear the words of Mr. Brooks, the pastor, as he spoke of what Mr. Frear had been to Pilgrim Church and to him, and of the wide and fruitful service crowning his years. We can wish Congregationalism and the church kingdom on the Pacific Coast nothing better than that to Mr. Frear's

four score years may be added yet another score, all the while with physical and mental strrength undimmed as now.

Last year California led in the number of deaths in auto mobile accidents—San Francisco being greatly in the lead among the large cities of the country in the number killed; and with the exception of Chicago, in the number injured. The way the deaths are piling up in number this year indicates that the state will lead the list also for 1908. For 1907 the figures were 45 killed in San Francisco and 110 injured; in Oakland 4 were killed and 16 injured; in Los Angeles 3 were killed and 25 injured; in Riverside 4 were killed and 1 injured; in Santa Rosa 1 was killed and 24 were injured. Among the large cities Philadelphia stood next to San Francisco as to the number killed, it being 11. In Philadelphia 33 were injured. In Chicago 4 were killed and 156 injured. In New York the figures were 7 and 55 respectively; in Cincinnati 3 and 3; in Cleveland 4 and 12; in Boston 5 and 23. The totals in the whole country in 1907 were 324 killed and 1,224 injured. For 1906 the figures were 200 killed and 851 injured. It is said that automobiles cause now on the average one death and four serious injuries every day of the year. But like many other adjuncts of our modern civilization they have come to stay —at least until something more deadly takes their place. In proportion to the number of persons riding in them they are proving to be the greatest human slaughtering machine of the opening years of the 20th century.

"INTEREST IS IN SOCIALISM AND NOT IN RELIGION."

A few weeks ago we made mention of the resignation of the Rev. E. Calvert Smoot from the pastorate of the Second Unitarian Church of San Francisco, the suspension of the work of the church, and Mr. Smoot's intention to quit the ministry. This was of special interest to readers of The Pacific, because of the fact that Mr. Smoot, after leaving the Baptist Church, had charge of a Congregational Church for a time, and led it into troublous waters.

We quote now from the August number of The Pacific Unitarian, an article written by "C. A. M.," presumably Mr. Charles A. Murdock, the editor:

"It is with deep regret that we record the closing, for a time, at least, of the Second Church of San Francisco. It has had an honorable history, and been a battlefield of many brave fights. It began with a courageous struggle for life, and by dint of heroic sacrifice and hard work it succeeded. It was in 1891 that Rev. Thos. Van Ness during his superintendency established a mission, which grew into a church. He served as the minister until Mr. Wells was called. After Mr. Wells' long pastorate Mr. Sprague filled the pulpit for a considerable period. Rev. Wm. Jay Hudson and Rev. E. F. Dinsmore succeeded, and both did good work. About four years ago Mr. Smoot was called, and a new lease of life seemed gained. He was from the first dearly beloved by his people, and everything was bright and promising till the great calamity of April, 1906. The church escaped the fire, but was on the edge of the burned district and suffered very severely in many ways. The whole character of its surroundings changed. That portion of the city was practically submerged by the influx of the burned-out residents of the South Side of San Francisco, and became a cheap business section. Then many of the parishioners moved to distant parts of the city and away from the city, so that the old guard who had been its sure defense from the first were scattered, and it has been harder and harder to keep up the church.

"Mr. Smoot preached his farewell sermon on June 28th, and its tone reveals another source of weakness. Its note of despair is pathetic. He feels that the church itself is a good deal of a failure in that it is losing its power and is not a leader in social reforms. His loss of faith in the church and what it must stand for if it is to be a church is one cause of the failure of this particular church. He has worked hard. He has done all in his power to arouse his church into action in relief of the wrongs he so keenly feels, but he has not found that the appeal to right social injustice and economic wrongs is a sufficient foundation on which to build or sustain a church. Like the honest and honorable man he is he has resigned his pulpit and will no doubt take other means to gain the end he seeks. He will preach his gospel in some way. He will work valiantly for the relief of his fellow-men, and to urge the substitution of a better economic social system, and some way, some how, he will do good, for he is good.

"He is to be commended for turning from what he has lost respect for. He goes out with the warm regard of all who know him. He is a man in dead earnest, but his interest is in socialism and not in religion, and as long as it is, his place is not in the pulpit, as he evidently feels.

"However one may differ in judgment, there is something that stirs admiration and pulls at the heart strings when a man makes great sacrifice for a principle. And when one turns to the suffering in the world and dwells on that alone, it justifies almost any response to the call it makes. There must be no censure for the man who does the utmost his judgment approves to right the wrongs he recognizes. To give up an assured place and a high office at the call of conscience and from a burning purpose to serve a great cause is the highest proof of character and deserves our admiration and our sympathy. Each soul settles its own course and determines its allegiance. Every honest, earnest individual seeks the same end, desires the same purpose, but we differ in judgment. We discriminate and place our faith and give our service variously. The church has for its end the promotion of righteousness, the quickening and strengthening of religious life, the bringing in of the Kingdom of God. It has to do with the individual soul and seeks to promote justice by inspiring men and women with higher ideals and greater love. It believes the world will be better when the people who compose it are better, and not till then, and it knows of no better or speedier way than patiently and persistently working for that end. It has no quarrel with those who place reliance on some change of system or who forsake all to bring it about; but it claims equal right to pursue its own course without being charged with indifference or judged as unsympathetic."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A powderless gun which, it is said, will shoot fifty thousand balls a minute, and make no noise, is one of the 20th century inventions.

Local option will be submitted to the voters in 25 counties in Michigan next spring, according to Anti-Saloon League plans now at work.

The Aveline hotel at Fort Wayne, Idniana, which was destroyed by fire, had an insurance which guaranteed an income for one year equal to what the business brought in for that length of time.

When David Rankin, the Missouri "corn king," was married in 1850 he gave his last cent to the preacher who officiated at the wedding. Now he owns 85,000 acres of land, and last year harvested $1,000,000 worth of corn.

To allow of the construction in Chicago of the new $20,000,000 station of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad a building weighing 6,000 tons must be moved a half a block. It will cost $50,000 and will take three months' time.

Less than fifty of the graduates of one hundred Baptist collegs this year will enter the ministry. The Congregationalist made inquiry recently of Congregational colleges, and 20 of the 31 replying reported only forty-two ministerial students. Ten reported none.

In 1870 the Presbyterian Church in the United States gave $366,274 for Home Missions. In 1907 it gave $1,485,625. In 1870 it gave for the foreign work $328,847. In 1907 it gave $1,179,260. Between those years the total contributions increased from $8,440,121 to $22,099,821.

Who run our saloons? Mainly foreigners. At South Bend, Indiana, liquor licenses were granted to persons with the following suggestive names: Isaac U. Fluckey, Peter H. Eckstein, Joseph A. Kuhn, Peter Tollens, Anton Beczkewiz, William C. Buettner, Adelbert Chelminiak, Frank Hanley, Michael Kazmierske, John Kubiak, Stanislaus Leda, Michael Markiewicz, Steve Meeklo, Joseph Nuspodziary, Ernest Rossier, John Solomon, Andrew Siefert, Stanislaus Trembaczkiewicz, John Wass, Max Winkowski, Stanislaus Zawodny.

The American Unitarian Association instituted some months ago what is known as The Paragraph Pulpit—a unique system of religious propaganda. It is spoken of in the New York Tribune as follows: "It has appointed a secretary of publicity, and he has developed a plan for using advertising space in various publications for the dissemination of Unitarian doctrine. Such space is utilized for the display of pertinent paragraphs, each presenting in a concise way some one Unitarian principle. It is reported that contracts have already been placed with thirty-two daily newspapers, and twenty-one weekly newspapers, the dailies selected being influential journals in large cities. In addition to these, the same department has purchased advertising space in the student papers at large colleges."

The New York Sun is of opinion that the United States is greatly indifferent to its own interests in its attitude toward Canada. "In the contemplation of the economic greatness of their own land the people of this country lose sight of what is going on elsewhere. With short-sighted complacency they look at the array of figures representing the products of American fields and farms and give little or no heed to the fact that the grain crops of the Canadian Northwest have increased from about 30,000,000 bushels in 1891 to 250,000,000 bushels at the present time, with a certainty of quadrupling that output within a few years. New railway lines are being run through the grain country, opening new areas for settlement. New outlets are being made by which Canadian crops and Canadian beef and cattle can be sent to market through Canadian territory. The Hudson Bay route and the Georgian Bay canal are now something more than mere dreams. It is probable that decision will soon be made whether the Welland canal shall be deepened to a draught of twenty-five feet or a new canal built around Niagara Falls. Canada is awake and is growing right lustily. The United States need not be jealous of Canada's progress nor fearful of Canadian competition. There is ample room for both. The mistake of this country lies in failure to enter into an economic partnership with its neighbor in a scheme which would prove of great advantage to both. Canada's activity is an American opportunity."

A minister who values the church paper writes: "No agency more affects denominational life in so many ways in so short a time. I will put a wisely-edited paper against one hundred men when it comes to helping a good cause along. The denomination at large owes much to the papers, and it is a species of blindness that prevents pastors from taking a deeper interest in the circulation of good denominational papers. If we could double the number of readers of our papers this year we should take a long step toward doubling everything we are doing. When I was a pastor it was my rule to see that the state paper was in every family in the church. If they were really too poor to pay for it, they got it all the same. I asked some of my well-to-do members to help me, and the paper came and went to the right spot. I could wish we might have an all-over-the-country movement to put our good papers into the homes of the people. If this were done, many a desert and solitary place would blossom as the rose, and many a barren place speedily become a fruitful field. Does any one believe the taking of subscriptions to his denominational paper is too small a matter for him? If so, the answer is, nothing is too small that brings such large results. I raise the question whether we ought not to put our brother editors on our prayer list and call down on them daily heavenly grace to help them in their arduous labors."

The late James Buckham, brother of Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary, and author of three well-known little books, "Where Town and Country Meet," "A Wayside Altar," and "The Heritage of Life," did considerable literary and editorial work for various newspapers in the course of his career. A good many years ago he was connected with the Free Press of Burlington, Vt., where he instituted and conducted a column of **facetae**, which was widely quoted, and called forth the following characteristic letter from Robert J. Burdette, the well-known humorist and lecturer, at that time connected with the Hawkeye of Burlington, Iowa: "My Dear Boy: I have just laid down a paper in which no less than three of your paragraphs have been credited to the Burlington (N. J.) Free Press. I have written to the Free Press man at Burlington, N. J., about sundry other paragraphs which I see wandering about the country, divided up among the three Burlingtons like a three-legged man. Now, can't we make a pool of this thing, somehow or other, say a kind of blind pool? Let's consult the man at Burlington, N. J., and dump all our stuff together every week, send it to our respective papers as ready-set matter, and each one of us fiercely claim credit for every line of all of it. And thus, furnishing the able and influential journals whom we permit to employ our talents three times the present amount of matter, we could demand three times as much pay, and spend the surplus in riotous living. Ever yours."

W. B. M. P.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held at Plymouth Church, San Francisco, on Wednesday, September 2, 1908, at 10:30 a. m.

EMPHASIS PUT ON MORAL EDUCATION.

We quote from some of the resolutions and utterances at the meeting of the National Educational Association in Cleveland this summer:

"We earnestly recommend to boards of education, principals and teachers the continuous training of pupils in morals, and in business and professional ethics, to the end that the coming generation of men of aaffirs may have a well-developed abhorrence of unfair dealing and discrimination. The establishment of the honor system in schools, the ostracism of the dishonest or unfair pupil, the daily exemplifications in the routine life of the school of the advantage of honest and truthful methods, are commended to the especial attention of teachers as a partial means to this end.

"The association wishes to record its approval of the increasing appreciation among educators of the fact that the building of character is the real aim of the schools and the ultimate reason for the expenditure of millions for their maintenance. There are in the minds of the children and youth of today a tendency toward a disregard for constituted authority, a lack of respect for age and superior wisdom, a weak appreciation of the demands of duty, a disposition to follow pleasure and interest rather than obligation and order. This condition demands the earnest thought and action of our leaders of opinion and places important obligations upon school boards, superintendents and teachers.

"The highest ethical standards of conduct and of speech should be insisted on among teachers. It is not becoming that commercialism or self-seeking should shape their actions, or that intemperance should mark their utterances. A code of professional conduct clearly understood and rigorously enforced by public opinion is being slowly developed, and must one day control all teachers worthy of the name.

"It is apparent that familiarity with the English Bible as a masterpiece of literature is rapidly decreasing among the pupils in our schools. This is the direct result of a conception which regards the Bible as a theological book merely, and thereby leads to its exclusion from the schools of some states as a subject of reading and study. We hope for such a change of public sentiment in this regard as will permit and encourage the reading and study of the English Bible, as a literary work of the highest and purest type, side by side with the poetry and prose which it has inspired and in large part formed."

Upon the subject of college honor, Dean Fordyce had some searching questions to put:

"Should it not become clear that cheating is cheating, whether in the class-room or in the counting room? That stealing is stealing, whether engaged in by student or civilian? That gambling is gambling, whether indulged in by the sport on the New York race track, or by those matriculated in the Christian college? Deceit, vandalism, theft and murder are crimes, whether perpetrated by men and women in cap and gown or by those in civilian garb. The adjective 'college' before the word 'ethics' does not grant the student a freedom in conduct not conceded in the market place or in the church pew.

"A careful study of the problem leads one to believe that students have the opinion that they are granted a leeway not enjoyed in the world outside; that cheating in the class-room is less disgraceful than cheating in the counting room; that it may be a crime for John Jones to indorse a check with the name of another whose credit in the bank is good, yet he may with impunity secure value on the professor's class-book by signing his own name to a Greek translation whose value is earned by another. That the law prevailing in the streets may consign to prison a poor, hungry tramp, who takes a loaf of bread, but exonerates a collegian who pilfers from the tables of friends a dozen souvenir spoons. That civil authorities may arrest and imprison a group of drunkards who obstruct the streets and disturb the quiet of the night, yet laugh at the college gang that makes the night hideous with its unearthly howls and cries. That it is a crime to bet on the New York race track, but simply a display of college spirit to bet at the annual college debate, oratorical contest, or inter-collegiate football game. That the academician who inflicts wounds upon the newcomer, torturing him until he reaches feverish heat, then plunges him into a tank of cold water, laying the foundation for pneumonia, leading ultimately to death, is less responsible than the highwayman who takes more directly the life of his victim. There is no excuse for the laxity in morals thus found in our colleges, for there is no place in the world so favorable for the development of good morals as here.

"It is true that students as a rule have a high sense of honor. Many of the breaches of moral conduct in the college are not the result of intentional wrong-doing, but rather of college usages. Many things, which to the Faculty and outsiders appear dishonorable, are not so regarded by the student.

"Expert cheating often receives applause. Equally dishonorable are many of the customs in the class-room, where cribbing and other forms o f deception go on under the eyes of the school authorities. Students even maintain that it is no serious offense to cheat under the watchful eye of the proctor, claiming that where there is no confidence cheating is no crime. The need of a quickening of the conscience of student bodies, of a crusade against the low standards of conduct is everywhere felt. I am convinced that indolence is responsible for many of the evils. Laziness weakens one morally as well as mentally. A considerable percentage of our students come from opulent homes, dress attractively, and flit about as society leaders. A large number of the students yield to the dissipations of loafing and of social life, neglect their studies, and then come up for examination unprepared, when the temptation for deception is strong.

"The ultimate solution of this problem lies with the Faculty itself. The character of the Faculty limits and determines the atmosphere in which the student lives. There is scarcely a college where there are not petty factions in which jealousy, selfishness, and unlawful ambition lead instructors into dishonest measures to satisfy personal ends. Then students, following the example of Faculty, acquire the habit of gratifying unlawful ambition at any cost. With teachers of great influence for morality the ethical life of our colleges will revive."

SUMMER IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

W. N. Burr.

Mid-August and cooler weather. No seaside or mountain locality ever furnished humanity with more invigorating air than that which greets us as we come to ourselves now in the early morning. We take it in great draughts as we move about amid the day's first duties, and not infrequently exclaim concerning its delightfulness. And the quality of coolness has been lingering through the day for now these two or three days, so we have the comfort of it forenoon, and afternoon, and night.

The echo of Edward Rowland Sill's familiar verse is in these last words:

"Forenoon and afternoon and night—forenoon,
And afternoon, and night—
Forenoon, and—what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life; make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered and thy crown is won."

Weak humanity is glad to avail itself of all possible helps to do that, and this deliciously sweet, cool, tonic air is one of the most welcome of such "helps." It is easier now than it was two weeks ago to "make this forenoon sublime, this afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer."

"I have lived in this valley forty-three years," said a man to me the other day. "I know that we forget about the weather of past years, but it seems to me now I have never seen here quite so hot a summer as we have had this year, in the aggregate. We have had days just as hot as any we have had this summer, but not whole weeks and months of one steady hot spell. Why, there were not more than two days in July when the thermometer thought 100 degrees and over was too much for me."

I am not prepared to verify that statement from my own observation, for while the heat was turned on I did not exert myself enough to keep daily watch of the thermometer; but without doubt the summer of 1908 has put itself on record as an extremist in heat.

Just now the most picturesque people in this valley are the fruit-cutters. The individual fruit-cutter may not feel like part of a pleasing picture, but she is. I'll warrant any Jan Steen will agree with me, if such an one should happen to stroll through the San Joaquin valley now and see a group of fruit-cutters at work under the protecting shed, or riding homeward toward night in a great wagon that throws into the landscape a touch of life like unto a load of merry picnickers. They seem to be merry unusually, in spite of the fact that there is a little undercurrent of dissatisfaction lurking in their minds because "the fruit this year is not so large as usual," and it requires more cutting to "cut a box" of it; and these cutters are paid by the box. There is an abundance of fruit, perhaps an oversupply, but neither the spring weather nor the summer weather seems to have been favorable for its best maturing. But it is very good, if it is not of superlative quality, and we enjoy a fruit-feast every day.

A prominent feature of the activity of the San Joaquin valley is the great trains of oil-tanks that move back and forth to and from the Kern county oil-fields. One member of the family who has a penchant for counting reported eighty-nine of these cars in one train the other day. On a hot day there is nothing in all the world much hotter to look upon than a train of black, greasy oil-tanks, and, we looked toward the railroad as little as possible while every molecule of our being was crying out for cooling sighs; but now that the heat has gone out of the air we look with some degree of pride upon these rumbling oil-trains, and think great thoughts of the varied resources of these parts. The morning paper reports "a practical railroad man of the larger type" from another state, saying things that California somewhat after the following fashion: "What a wonderful state you surely have, and yet, in all seriousness, I wish to tell you that you haven't more than used a crooked stick on the ground—haven't begun to do anything at all. What you will eventually bring to pass no living man is able to forecast. You would think me guilty of gross exaggeration if I were to say what marvelous development will yet mark your destiny."

"Perhaps he is right," we say to ourselves, as a great basket of luscious peaches is left at the parsonage door, and an oil-train rumbles by.

Tulare, August 14.

VACATION VAGARIES.

By W. H. G. Temple, D.D.

VI.

The Church has had her days of trial as well as her days of triumph. I do not know but her trials have added to her triumphs. Prosperity often contributes to pride, but not always to strength. Adversity may cause temporary humility and even chagrin, but it tends toward purity and often power. Athansius and Pelagius were well pitted, though a century apart. They both had to surrender some to form a common ground for succeeding generations to occupy. Augustine and Socinus were farther apart chronologically and doctrinally, but through their contentions the world has a clearer conception of the transcendant and the humanitarian character of Christ. Even over matters of polity have the ecclesiastics made wide divisions in the church. It is a significant fact that the five leading divisions of Protestantism have emphasized not the doctrinal, but the administrative, side of Christianity. Sometimes the causes of dissent have been momentous, sometimes they have been trivial. Out of all the smoke of battle has dawned the remarkable peace of this day of union and federation, and even closer organic oneness.

But now, just as the prophets of harmony have begun to realize the truth of their vision, a new cloud, by no means as diminutive as a man's hand, has appeared in the sky. It is not diminutive at all. It has assumed alarming proportions and is still growing. In this year of grace it has almost caused a total eclipse of the sun, though measured by the perimeter of a woman's hat—the merry widow! When this new question has come up for discussion all other polemical points have been abandoned. Ministers have declared their inability to cope with this new opponent. Boards of Sessions, Quarterly Boards and Congregational meetings have wrestled with this formidable antagonist to little purpose. Even after the most solemn resolutions and requests the women have remained obdurate, some of them quoting the apostle, and arguing that if headgear in general is scriptural and therefore obligatory, the larger the hat the more scriptural the obedience. Some pastors have modestly included in their church leaflets a mild request such as this: "Out of Christian courtesy for others, will the ladies please remove their hats?" Or this, as in my own case, "Ladies are requested, not required, to remove their hats just before the sermon, at both services." Some have, with inconsistency, it seems to me, been peremptory in the evening, but permissive in the morning. If the combined, extended and overlapped hat of twentieth century womanhood is a menace to worship at one time of day it certainly is at another.

Seated on the platform of the largest church in this city, the other Sunday evening—the First Presbyterian—I noted Dr. Matthews' method of treating the difficulty. I was preaching for him that evening, and his usual Sunday evening congregation—2,800 people—sat and stood before me. Just before I rose to speak Dr. Matthews said in a kindly but firm tone, "Ladies, please remove your hats." Most of them had been removed during the earlier part of the service. A few determined—or perhaps merely delaying—ones remained in all their outbranching and fascinating loveliness on the heads of their possessors. He sat running his eye over the immense auditorium until every hat came off, and then whispered, "All right, go ahead." He was certainly master of the situation. Perhaps few pastors would care to go as far as that.

It has been argued, and with correctness, that to enjoy and profit by a speaker it is necessary to see his face in its varied expression. The pew has been quite peremptory in

its demand of "no manuscript" on the part of the preacher. Congregations have refused to be persuaded from a piece of paper. Church committees in selecting their pastors have often been very particular to ask among other things, "Does he use a manuscript?" feeling that an affirmative answer would spoil his chances for the position. The point is generally well taken. A speaker well up in his art should abolish anything that might hinder the fullest play of his powers. And this in spite of the fact that some speakers have been mightily effective, though leaning on a crutch. Now if the audience is determined to see the face of the speaker, it should uniformly do so, and not part of the audience place itself in the direct way of the remainder. And if the pew demands to see the face of the pulpit, the pulpit has an equal right to see the entire face of the pew.

"But then the bother of it," chime in the women. "If you men realized what a trouble it is to a woman to arrange her hair for inspection, and if you knew how hard it is to get their hats on again when they have once got them off, and without a mirror, too, you would never make the request." There is something to be said in that vein, too, that is not to be snuffed at. The effect of the request in my own church was a quite general acquiescence, until some of the ladies discovered that by sitting in the ends of the pews fringing the side walls they would be innocent of interference, when a border of flower-garden merry widows all around the auditorium was the result.

In conversation with a rather vituperative specimen of the sex I was brought up against a brand new putting of the debate:

"You men are very fierce in your opposition to everything a woman does, but you are not so particular to guard her rights. You cry out in the concert hall, in the theater, and now in the church, 'Uncover, uncover!' but when we demand the right to cast the ballot which affects us as much as it does you, then you sneer at our audacity. You reserve the right to puff your cigars whenever and wherever you please, no matter how much it may inconvenience or annoy us, but when we appear in a public auditorium clothed conventionally you make a great fuss, and cry, 'Hats off!' Now, I believe in being consistent. If we have to surrender something to you, you should make an equal concession to us. When you men get reasonable we'll get accommodating, but not till then. Even some of the ministers who are so peremptory, and in all matters of morals should be examples to their people, indulge, some of them secretly, some of them openly, in the use of the obnoxious weed themselves. Bah!"

I haven't got it exactly right. I think in my translation I have been merciful. But here is food for thought. When she struck at the ministers she put her argument in the most pungent and practical form. Personally, I am not guilty. I would like to see woman endowed with the power of the ballot. I think we would then get some reforms which are languishing for the lack of masculine courage and endurance. I do not smoke, never did, and wish my brethren did not. I suffer from nausea when in a room filled with the fragrance that to the smoker is doubtless like the "spices of Araby the blest." I do not openly criticize the use of the weed on the part of the sex generally. I certainly would not publicly denounce the habit. I wish men were generally more cleanly in their use of tobacco, and did not so often forget the comfort of others when indulging in their own supreme delight.

But this woman took a bold stand for feminine rights, and it seems to me was quite within the logical limit, especially so when attacking guilty ministers. That set me thinking, and as a result I give you this little allegory, with its accompanying moral, as perhaps the best putting of this aggravating question which comes to me now:

It was in the pastor's study,
  That a Merry Widow Hat,
And a lighted choice Havana,
  Just found out where they were at;
For the parson's wife had laid her
  Merry Widow on a chair,
And the parson, for a caller,
  Had abandoned his Cigar.

As the latter's incense, rising,
  Reached the fluffy former's rim,
All the laces in a flutter
  Looked disgustingly at him.
The Havana, taking umbrage,
  Sent a whiff in anger straight,
Till they both began, with vigor,
  This excited tete-a-tete:

"Don't you think you're some 'un?" said the
  Parson's comfort, the Cigar.
"Don't you think the world is viewing
  You with rapture from afar?
If you'd kept your place, you wouldn't
  Clutter up the parson's chair;
You'd retire to the closet
  In the missus' room,—so there!"

"Oh, you needn't breathe out fire,
  And exhale your nasty smoke;
You are everywhere a nuisance,
  And celestial wrath provoke;"
Snapped the Widow, and the ribbons
On her spacious disk just boiled,
While the brown narcotic tyrant
  Rolled in mirth, as he recoiled.

"Don't get nutty, my dear Widow,
  Take a party of your size;
'Twould be difficult to find one
  Any larger,—trust my eyes!
Why, the doors have patent earlaps
  To fling out as you go in,
Or, by Jove! you'd never enter—
  Mercy on me! it's a sin.

"And the concert hall, they tell me,
  Won't abide you, and the church
Has just lately raised a rumpus,
  And has left you in the lurch.
So don't pucker up your feathers,
  And then say it isn't so;
All the men are laughing at you,
  And you know it. There now, go!"

But the Hat just looked her stiffest,
  And with scorn made fierce reply:
  "Who are you that you should question,
  In such frenzy, such as I?
Let me tell you, foul intruder
  Into woman's realm of peace,
I'll surrender my circumf'rence
  When your exhalations cease.

"Just see what we women suffer
  From your nauseating breath,
And your monumental selfness,
  Everywhere it entereth.
When you learn the least politeness
  And respect for others' rights,
P'raps I'll then reduce my radius,
  And retire from the 'sights.'"

By this time the altercation
  Had assumed such rapid pace,
That the furious Merry Widow
  And Cigar got in disgrace.
Each fell from its first position,
  Both then in collision came
On the floor—a spark, a crackle,
  And the Hat went up in flame.

Smelling smoke, and hearing fire,
  Two excited mortals ran
Up the stairway, round the corner,
  And a new debate began:
"George, how could you," wailed the woman,
  As she now collapsed in tears,
"Be so careless? Oh, my Widow!"
  And she almost boxed his ears.

"Pardon, dear," replied the parson,
  "'Twas my fault; can you forgive?

This shall be my last Havana,
While we two together live."
"My last Widow!" sighed the matron.
"Gladly I'll resign the style,
If you'll drop my rival, dearie,
And with me the hours beguile."

Moral.

If the smokers want the women
To forget their direst need,
And abjure their Merry Widows,
Let them shun the noxious weed.
If they both are self-denying,
Each for each desire atones;
And conversely, people living
In glass houses can't throw stones.

Seattle.

CYRUS HAMLIN AND MISSIONS IN TURKEY.

Christian Endeavor Topic for August 30, 1908.

Albert W. Palmer.

Cyrus Hamlin was in many ways a typical American of his generation. Born on a New England farm, brought up in poverty, apprenticed to a jeweler, he decides to go to college and, with pluck and energy, earns his way through Bowdoin College and Bangor Theological Seminary. In 1838, at the age of twenty-seven, he sails for Turkey as a missionary of the American Board.

In his thirty-five years of life in Turkey there are three things which may well attract our attention. The first is the school for the training of ministers, which he opened at Bebek in 1839. This seminary not only provided some sturdy and influential ministers for the mission, but, through an industrial department connected with it, provided a livelihood for a large number of evangelical Armenians who had been excommunicated, and therefore boycotted by the conservative native church. These people he trained in the Christian doctrine of the nobility of labor by means of a stove factory, flour mill, bakery and laundry!

The second event which stands out in Cyrus Hamlin's life in Turkey is the way in which, by means of his bakery and laundry, he was able to aid the wounded English soldiers brought to Constantinople from the battlefields of the Crimean war. For the service thus rendered he received, as a legitimate profit, $25,000 from the British Government. He immediately turned it all into the missionary treasury to be used to help native communities to build themselves churches and chapels.

Soon after this came the third great event of his life in Turkey. Christopher Robert of New York decided to found Robert College and Cyrus Hamlin was made first president. He overcame the many vexatious obstacles in the way of anyone trying to start anything in Turkey and succeeded in getting the college well under way in a large and well located building on the Bosphorus.

In 1878 he returned to the United States, where he became a professor in Bangor Seminary, and, later, president of Middlebury College. He died in 1900, at the age of 89. The Encyclopedia of Missions says of him: "He was a most spiritually minded man, and of deep feelings. A little quick in temper and sometimes disposed, in a land of turbulence like Turkey, to take the law into his own hands when a hopelessly irreconcilable element needed to be removed, he was extraordinarily ready to make amends, in a tender and whole-souled way that really did make amends, for any injustice done in haste. No American missionary, without exception, ever gained such hold upon the hearts of the evangelical native community in Turkey nor is regarded by them as having accomplished so much as Dr. Hamlin for the spiritual and moral renovation of that land of darkness."

Turkey as a mission field is of especial interest to us Congregationalists, for we have practically the entire responsibility for its evangelization, the Presbyterians taking the work in Syria, while our own Board looks after the work in Turkey.

Our work is divided into four "missions," those of Eastern, Western and European Turkey. The work is carried on chiefly among the Armenians, and has resulted in putting new life into the ancient but nearly fossilized native Christian churches. The Congregational Year Book shows a total of 189 missionaries, 140 churches, 15,668 communicants, and 1,031 native workers in the four missions. There are also 8 collegiate institutions with 1,020 students, 52 high and boarding schools with 3,504 pupils, and in all the schools of all grades maintained by our Board there are 26,268 pupils. This work is laying a foundation for an intelligent Christian population who shall some day lead in the redemption of Turkey and the Levant. Thus all around the world our American Board is laying deep and well foundations upon which the Kingdom of Heaven shall some day arise—that coming "civilization of the brotherly man," of which Prof. Bosworth loves to speak.

Among the Churches.

California.

Sunol.—During the last year a parsonage of five rooms has been built and paid for except a small loan from the Church Building Society.

San Lorenzo.—At a recent meeting a hearty call was extended to the Rev. F. A. Bissell. Mr. Bissell has been serving as supply for some time.

Murphys.—The pulpit of the Murphys church is vacant at present and open to the right man. For particulars apply to Mrs. Bessie Bunney, Murphys, Cal.

San Francisco, Mission.—An open air meeting between the hour of the Christian Endeavor meeting and the evening service has been adding to the evening congregations.

...**San Francisco, First.**—The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Adams landed in Quebec last week and are en route home. Dr. Adams will occupy the pulpit next Sunday. On Friday evening of next week a reception will be given them in the church parlors, to which all friends are invited.

Berkeley, Bethany.—The Rev. Leslie M. Briggs has presented his resignation as pastor, intending to go to Yale for post graduate study. On his way to New England Mr. Briggs will stop at Spencer, Indiana, where he will be married to Miss M. L. Lent, thus further equipping himself for the work of the ministry.

Sunnyvale.—At the last communion four new members united with the church; three on confession of faith and one by letter. Our membership now stands at seventy-one. The church is a powerful influence for good in shaping the young life of this new manufacturing town, and is a center for civic and social life as well as spiritual life.

San Francisco, Green Street.—The Green St. has won

the second prize in the Kohler & Chase contest. The church desires to thank the many friends who have helped by their votes to make this possible. The prize is a Fischer Grand piano. The church also desires to express its great appreciation of the unusual courtesy and consideration of the Kohler & Chase Co. ever since the earthquake and fire. In all dealing with them they have proved not only "as good as their word," but in many instances have done better than they promised.

Avalon.—Avalon's midsummer has brought the usual large and inspiring congregations. The preachers to whom the pastor, Rev. Chas. W. Williams, is indebted for pulpit aid are Dr. A. P. Atterbury, of Park Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, Rev. J. H. Cooper, Rev. Wm. Davies, and Dr. J. M. Campbell, of our Southern California Congregational constituency; and Dr. Hugh K. Walker, pastor Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles. The annual missionary meeting of the local woman's auxiliary was held at the parsonage August 13, and the attendance was representative of numerous localities and denominations. Among those on the program was Mrs. J. C. Worley, missionary in Japan, Miss Frances Freeman, superintendent of the M. E. Chinese Mission in Los Angeles, Mrs. Wm. Davies and Mrs. H. G. Brainerd. Mrs. K. F. M. Cleaves, the church soloist, has been giving a series of recitals during July and August.

JOTTINGS.

The Stereopticon as a Preacher.

Brother Sink of Stockton is a many-sided man. He can set the type and strike off his weekly bulletins, asking no aid. He can "wire" (if that is the right word to use) his church for electric lighting. He can use his camera with consummate skill and then prepare the "slides" with reformer to which his pictures are taken, and if the stereopticon is not altogether satisfactory, he can improve upon it until it is. And, then, he can so preach and so practice and so bear himself with his people, that after nearly fifteen years of service with them, his hold upon them and theirs upon him seems to be stronger than ever. As for me, I have to "accommodate," in a homiletical sense of the word, to my need that sayng of Paul's: "This one thing I do" and get what comfort I can. My father once told some persons in my presence that his father once said of him that he thought that if his son Enoch "had a good straight piece of white pine and a good jack-knife, he could whittle out a stopper to a bung-hole," and then was cruel enough to add that he "had as yet seen no evidence that his son William was equal even to that!" The fact was that he had never given me a chance to try.

Bro. Sink cannot only reconstruct his stereopticon and make his slides, but he can, with the aid of the slides, make his stereopticon a preacher. On a recent Sunday evening I saw him do it. The sermon was in some sense introductory to a long course of Sunday evening discourses on the Life of Christ, which he will commence on his return from a vacation in Yellowstone Park, in all of which he will make the steropticon do a deal of preaching. Now I know of many who can make an occasional service specially attractive and interesting in this way, but I do not remember meeting anyone who after long experience in it could undertaek to keep up this special interest for month after month during—possibly—half of a year. Bro. Sink, if I rightly understood him, is brave enough for even this.

The particular discourse which I heard and saw, related to the personal appearance of Jesus, and the pictures showed his face as conceived of by many artists through sixteen centuries or more. They were in great variety, the conceptions corresponding largely with the national or racial peculiarities of their authors. Some were Flemish, some Italian, some Dutch, some Spanish, some English and American. Some which Bro. Sink thought might express personal recollections, and thus correspond somewhat with the original, came from the rude drawings of persecuted Christians in the catacombs of Rome. After all the pictures had spoken, Bro. Sink made this reflection, "I see in all these faces, through all their diversities, a certain unity, not of feature, but of expression. Some exhibit intense agony; some picture perfect peace; but there is that which is common to them all." He did not undertake to define this, but was evidently deeply impressed with it. So he said, "In everyone in whom Christ dwells, under all varities of environment, endowment, teaching and experience, there is found a unity, real, vital, light-giving, life-giving, a unity grounded doubtless in that which is the very essence of God revealed in Jesus—love."

Can Churches Be Killed?

I once heard one of our foremost leaders say of a certain church that he thought "it would best glorify God by winding up its affairs and dying." And it did die, but only to rise again, and it is now very much alive. I remember that Jesus instructed his "servant John" to write to a certain church in Asia, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest and thou art dead." Yet he modifies this doom by recognizing some "things that remain that are ready to die" and which therefore could not have been quite dead, and adds, "Thou hast a few names in Sardis that did not defile their garments, and they shall walk with me in white for they are worthy." I was reminded of this and what I have often observed along the years—that there is a certain immortality in a true church of Christ—by a visit recently made to one that has come through great tribulation, that has, I can say, been advised to succomb and give up the ghost, but which I found to be alive—really very much alive. It had been wounded through the departure from it in the past years of several good pastors, just as their work was blossoming with the promise of rich fruit. tI had been wounded especially through the ministry of one who preached quite another gospel than that which Paul preached and has consequently fallen under the anathema which that apostle pronounced. He succeeded in dividing the church, in withdrawing from it valuable members led astray. But a few names remained, as Jesus said of Sardis, and they are walking, I believe, in white, and that church will not die, but live, sustained as I believe it will be by the timely and practical fellowship of sister churches and blessed with a pastor after God's own heart.

W. C. P.

RELIGION AS A POPULAR TOPIC.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

The Appleton's Magazine has decided to introduce Christianity as a popular magazine topic for discussion. The editor asks, "Has religion, the Christian religion, had its day in America? How many of your friends are church members? How many go to church? How many know their Bible—inside the covers?" and answers the queries, "Mighty few!" The editor says some very true things and makes some wise and otherwise observations

anent the whole subject. He goes on to say: "Some of us know splendid men and women who do not open their Bibles, and who would as soon think of discussing the philosophy of Maimonides as religion." It is true that these men and women display all the Christian virtues except inward honesty and inward sincerity before God. They are unconscious, let us hope, hypocrites. They are self-deceived. They do not acknowledge their obligation to Christianity, though they eat at its table all the time. The editor certainly over-estimates the significance of the actions of a few degenerate clergymen. This is a paragraph of what he says touching that matter: "There is a kind of death agony hysteria about some of our religious observances. A newspaper the other day displayed big first-page headlines: 'Soda and Cigars at Church Services.' It appears that some New Jersey clergymen are leading the way in 'summer novelties for Sunday.' The 'non-churched' are lured to outdoor services by 'soft drinks, served by professional bartenders.' The services are advertised as 'smokers,' and automobilists' sunset services.' The men are permitted to smoke and to keep their hats on if they choose. They need not stand for hymns and prayers if it is too much trouble. The sermon is clipped to a few minutes so as not to interfere with 'Singing with cornet leadership and special quartet music." Appleton's has rendered a real service to the church by giving these abuses publicity. Churchianity, ecclesiasticism, may not be Christianity by a great deal. One almost loses heart when he sees how far a-field some ministers and church critics go in order to create a "death-agony of hysteria" in misrepresenting the purpose of the true church of Jesus Christ. The editor makes another remark which we fear may be misunderstood. He says: "If the Christian religion means believing certain doctrines, belonging to churches, listening to sermons, and singing hymns, its days are numbered. Fortunately, all these things are the least part of it, not unimportant in themselves, but the least part of true religion. We can have flowers without botany; stars without astronomy. So we can have Christians without theology; religion without churches. We must draw a sharp distinction between religion and the efforts men have made to formulate it. Doctrines and dogmas represent man's groping attempts to formulate it. The churches represent his efforts to organize it."

It is true we may have "flowers without botany and stars without astronomy," but the flowers and stars without botany and without astronomy are not the same flowers nor the same stars they are in the light of intelligence. This utterance of the Appleton's taken by itself would clearly indicate a return to the quagmires of naturalism. This may not be gracious, but it is entirely true to say that this paragraph of Appleton's able editor is on an exceedingly low pragmatical plane. To talk about Christianity without any definition of Christianity is dangerously near religious inanity. We maintain that Christianity is not an indefinite diffusion of some general religious ideas. On the contrary, it proposes a definite end and employs definite methods to reach that end. Christianity demands repentance, provides definite regeneration and proposes the instantaneous transformation of the moral status of every man who meets its conditions.

Suppose one should say an education means going to school, committing rules, mastering primary principles, in short formulating principles—is such an one to be discounted because he does not know things without trying to understand them? We may indeed make a sharp distinction between science and the attempts to formulate it at the same time such a statement would not carry a high percentage of unadulterated intelligence. It is only in a most inadequate sense that we can know flowers without botany, rocks without geology, stars without astronomy. The stars, the universe, without the telescope is unreal and untrue. The flowers without botany are usually degenerates.

Probably Appleton's means to stir up some investigation of the subject in a popular way and has purposely taken no pains to formulate the system of Christianity. We may have "Christians without theology," education without science, but up to this time they are largely in "the mind's eye."

DEATH OF IRA D. SANKEY.

Ira D. Sankey has stood at the head of the long list of evangelistic singers for nearly forty years. In 1870 at the great International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association at Indianapolis, Indiana, he met Dwight L. Moody and began a national and international career. He was born in Edinburg, Pennsylvania, 1840, and early identified himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Sunday-school and specially the Young Men's Christian Association. He became a choir leader and identified with the song and hymn life of the church. He achieved his greatest results as a solo singer accompanying Mr. Moody over the world. He compiled the "Gospel Hymns" in 1875, and for twenty years these song books controlled the market. They have been translated into several languages and had an enormous sale. The "Sacred Songs" is also one of his publications. It is estimated that 50,000,000 copies of this book have been sold. The "Winnowed Songs" and other books he has published with great success. His most popular song is "Ninety and Nine." The simple truth is that Mr. Sankey had the gospel in his own heart as a living vital power. About five years ago he was stricken with blindness and partial paralysis. He died August 13 in his home in Brooklyn, N. Y. We first heard him in San Francisco in 1881. He was at the height of his success. We heard him fifteen years later in Sacramento. He was still fresh and aggressive, but not quite so responsive. He has done a great work. God gave him ten talents and he has brought the largest increase in results. The influence of his life will go on for a thousand years. Few men in the history of the Church have done so much to stir its young life. There has grown up a good deal of poor, trashy singing in the wake of the Sankey singing, but his own compositions have been, though emotional, are at the same time devotional and sufficiently elevated in sentiment to command an intelligent following.

It is an unfeigned pleasure to record the action of the Federation of the Catholic Societies in its annual convention on the liquor question. The convention called for the exclusion of saloonkeepers from all Catholic societies. The following resolution was passed: "Catholic periodicals that cannot live without liquor advertisements should die. Let them not drag down the Catholic name in their greed. We earnestly suggest that Catholic organizations which exclude saloonkeepers from membership and which forbid the use of liquor at their meetings should not tolerate the formation of clubs within their membership which despise the letter and spirit of these laws which have been made by their organization for the honor of the Catholic name.

TOO TIRED TO PRAY.

"I'm too tired to trust, and too tired to pray,"
Said one, as the overtaxed strength gave way,
"The one conscious thought by my mind possessed
Is, 'Oh, could I just drop it all and rest!'
But will God forgive me, do you suppose.
If I go to sleep as a baby goes,
Without even asking him if I may,
Without even tring to trust or pray?"

Will God forgive you? Why, just think, dear heart,
While language to you was an unknown art,
Did a mother deny you needed rest,
Or refuse to pillow you on her breast?
Oh, no; but she cradled you in her arms,
Then guarded your slumber against alarms,
And how quick was her mother love to see
The unconscious yearnings awake in thee!

Then just drop it all, and give up to rest,
As you used to do on a mother's breast;
He knows all about it, the dear Lord knows,
So just go to sleep as a baby goes,
Without even asking him if you may;
God knows when his child is too tired to pray.
He judges not solely by uttered prayer;
He knows when the yearnings of love are there.

He knows you do pray, he knows you do trust,
And he knows the limits of poor weak dust.
Oh, the wonderful sympathy of Christ
For his chosen ones in that midnight trust,
Where he bade them sleep on and take their rest,
While on him the guilt of the whole world pressed.
You've given your life up to him to keep?
Then don't be afraid to go right to sleep.

—Anna J. Grannis.

THE WITCH OF WINDLESTRAE.

By David Lyall.

Windlestrae was a small property that stood high on a bleak upland overlooking the valley through which the Nethan water ran. It had been in the hands of the Gourlays for two generations only. They were therefore not to be numbered among what they called the gentry in Cairn-Nethan; neither, however, were they common folk, being noted for a certain refinement of manners as well as uprightness of conduct which commanded respect. But they were lonely people, consorting with very few, living quietly on their bleak hillside, and taking no part whatever in the social life of the neighborhood. Although Bramston Gourlay and I had lived in the same parish for over fifty years, we had little more than a nodding acquaintance. His tall, spare figure was familiar at kirk and market, but his austere manner forbade any intrusion; he usually hurried through his business on the market day, and left the church immediately after the service. He was not a litigious person; he had never had occasion to consult me, and as he had only one son, I supposed that the place and all he had would pass to his hands. Mrs. Bramston Gourlay I had never seen, but understood from the talk of the country side that she was not like other folks. I was therefore surprised and not a little interested to receive one morning a summons in the shape of a note from Bramston Gourlay, asking me to come out to Windlestrae without delay. That was about eleven o'clock on a May morning; by two I had got through my business, eaten a modest mid-day dinner, and was ready to be driven in Walter Polson's dogcart from the Nethan Arms to Windlestrae. It was a pleasant drive by the winding roads, through delightsome fields smiling under the glow of early summer time. As we ascended the hill, the land became of poorer quality, and with bits of moorland peeping through.

We came at length to the little wood in which the house of Windlestrae was buried, not so much as a chimney peeping above the tall tree tops. The trees had been allowed to grow at will on all sides, so that the view, incomparable of its kind, was shut out. I supposed it to be typical of the folks who dwelt there, quiet-living, and best pleased when cut off from their fellow-beings.

The front of the gray three-storied house was kept trimly enough, and so sheltered that there were already some roses out on the big Gloire de Dijon tree that climbed about the door. I was contemplating it with interest and some envy, when there appeared a very small, meek-looking woman, so attenuated of figure and so sharpened of feature that all the sweetness was robbed from it, while the eyes were the gentlest and the most appealing I had ever seen.

I stepped out of the cart, and took off my hat.

"Do I speak to Mrs. Bramston Gourlay?"

"Yes; will you come inside, if you please? My husband is ill. The doctor has just been here; perhaps you met his trap on the way?"

"No; probably he has business further up the hill," I replied, as I followed her into the house. She wore a very quaint frock of lilac-colored silk with a small flower of a darker shade on it, made with a long pointed waist and little under-sleeves of lawn such as I had seen my mother wear, and her hair was dressed over her ears in ringlets, held back by two small combs. So quaint a figure did she look, that she might have stepped from an old print. She took me across the bare stone hall, which was hung with guns and adorned with deers' heads and horns, but was very bare of furniture. The dining-room which we entered was a spacious place, well furnished in the very solid, heavy fashion of a by-gone day, rather gloomy, for the tree branches swept the window in the gable, and the other one was so small that but little sunlight came through it.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Kirkland? My husband is ill, Dr. Arbuthnot thinks very ill, and he is troubled about his affairs."

She spoke so very quietly and with a little hesitating accent, which made me wonder whether she was foreign, that I abruptly put the question after I had expressed my regret to hear of her husband's illness.

"I am a Savoyard," she answered in a low voice. "But I was born in London."

"How is it that you have been so unkind to the land of your adoption all these years, Mrs. Gourlay? For I have scarcely slept anight out of the parish for fifty years, and I have never seen you till this day."

She smiled very faintly.

"I have never been strong. I do not go out much. At home there is always enough to do, and at first there were the children."

"Children? I thought you had only one son."

"No; I have also a daughter, but she is married now, in India, and comes not any more to Windlestrae."

Her pronunciation of the somewhat uncouth name was the prettiest thing imaginable. She looked at me very intently, and seeming to gain confidence, stopped working her hands together, in pure nervousness, and spoke out with a little more courage.

"Mr. Kirkland, I think you are a kind man; indeed, I have heard so. My husband has sent for you to make his will, I think. May I ask you something?"

"Surely, dear lady; and if in my power, the thing is as good as done."

"He will cut off my son; indeed, that is what he wishes, for he has told me so, and though he pleased not his father in the matter of his marriage, Leon is a good son, and does not deserve such harsh treatment."

"Married, Madam? Is it possible! How is it I have never heard of it, or seen the young wife?"

"Oh, she is not here Leon went to Savoy last year to pay a little visit to his grandfather, and it was there he met Mathilde. It did not please his father that he should marry out of his own country."

"Yet he did it himself."

"Ah, yes, and I think that perhaps he regretted it. Certain I did, for it is a cold, bleak country this, and I have not found in it even one kind heart."

"Mrs. Gourlay, that's a terrible indictment to bring against us," I cried aghast. "And if you had given us a chance, you would have found it different."

"Maybe. Ah, that is his bell; he has heard you arrive, perhaps; his ears are sharp. If you can, will you put in a word for Leon, for he is a good boy, and does not deserve that his father should cut him off."

"I'll do my best, you may trust me," I said to her as I hurried from the room to obey the peremptory summons from upstairs. Mrs. Gourlay, or Madame, as I learned she was called in the house, did not accompany me, and the servant left me at the door. Gourlay was not in his bed, but sitting in a big high chair at the fire, with a blanket about him, the picture of misery and even of despair.

"Is that you, Mr. Kirkland?" he asked gruffly, at the opening of the door, and tried to turn himself in his chair.

"Don't rise, Mr. Gourlay, I am coming to you as fast as I can. I am sorry to see you like this, but surely you would be better in your bed. You don't look fit to be sitting up."

"I won't go to my bed until I am obliged," he answered, and did not offer to shake hands, or to welcome me, but simply indicated with his arm the chair on which I was to sit.

"I've sent for you to make a will," he said abruptly. "Arbuthnot has been here, and he seems to think it doubtful whether I'll ever get up again."

"Oh, you're not so far through, Mr. Gourlay," I said cheerfully. "Well, what is there to leave, and to whom do you wish to leave it?"

"There's naething but the place, and that's mortgaged. I wish my wife to be life-rented of it on condition that she does not let my son Leon come back, or finger a penny of the money."

"What has the lad done? I have never had speech with him, Mr. Gourlay, but I have seen him in Cairn-Nethan street and sometimes at the kirk, and he looks as if he could not be guilty of any great crime."

"He has married, against my will and wish, a foreign woman."

"But surely, to be so angry about it is to cast a reproach on his delightful mother," I said, bluntly.

Gourlay growled at me, and with that a twinge of pain shook him, paling his face and bringing the sweat drops on his brow.

"I don't want to talk about that. Have you brought your papers and what not? It's all in the bag, is it? Well, write down what I tell you."

I had no choice, and though I disapproved heartily of the will, it was no place of mine to argue with the man, even if he would have listened. It was not a just will; indeed, a man in Gourlay's state of body and mind was not fit to make a just will; but what could I do? If Leon Gourlay was to be helped, and the sadness taken from his mother's eyes, it must be by some strategy, and I had not lived in the world for sixty years for naught.

"You ought to be in your bed, Mr. Gourlay," I said, as I shut up my bag. "And more, you ought to have a proper nurse to look after you. I am surprised that Arbuthnot does not know his business better."

The very name of nurse, spoken at haphazard, gave me my cue. Gourlay replied only by a grunt, and responded sourly to my good-day. I did not see Mrs. Gourlay as I descended, but before I was many hours older I had speech with Arbuthnot concerning Gourlay's case. The next day I returned to Windlestrae under pretence of making more explicit some of the provisions of the will. I made certain before I left the house that I had some further speech with its bonnie, sweet mistress. Then there was some writing of letters to foreign places, one lengthy telegram, which I myself dispatched from Cairn-Nethan after consultation with Dr. Arbuthnot. I have not, so far, in these records, had much to say about Arbuthnot, though he had more to do with the inmost affairs of the folk than I had. This was by no means the first time he and I had entered into a plot together, but I question whether we had ever found one more to our liking.

In about a week's time, under pretence of setting final seals to Gourlay's will, I drove over to Windlestrae again. I asked for Mrs. Gourlay, and when she came to me, there was a smile in her eyes.

"Well, how's he getting on with his nurse? Hasn't it been a great ease to you, and wasn't Dr Arbuthnot a wise and clever man to suggest it? In a case like Mr. Gourlay's, nursing is half the battle."

She smile again, and then her lips parted, and she laughed softly, as a child might have done.

"He needs me no more. It is Mathilde everywhere, and she is so sweet with him, she has won him; but ah! what will he say when he knows? I am afraid to think."

"Then don't think, dear lady; sufficient to the day is the evil, and there isn't going to be any evil this time. Can I go up now and see him?"

"Yes, but I will not come, because, who knows, perhaps my eyes might betray me. Ah, how happy we are, the little Mathilde and I, after he is asleep and she comes down here to me, and we talk of Leon."

I nodded understandingly, and took my way upstairs, not forgetting to take my sober little black bag with me, and not in the least ashamed of the part I had taken in what we hoped was going to be a very successful conspiracy. I knocked at the sick-room door, and she whom they called the little Mathilde opened it to me. I saw her for the first time, and immediately was enslaved by the witchery of her smile. She was of small, slight figure, but very daintily formed, with a face so earnest and so sweet, set with its big, pathetic eyes, that, old man though I was, I easily understood the fascination that had made Leon Gourlay throw his father's wishes to the winds. But the

charm lay not altogether in her face and eyes, but in her sweet, happy spirit, her love of fun, her infectious laugh, the brightness which seemed to breathe from her naturally. She had made veritable sunshine in that grim old house, and it was unthinkable that any evil could result from the harmless plot which gave her a chance to win the heart of her husband's father. That she had won it, even in these few days' time, was beyond all doubt. I could gather that even before Gourlay sent her out of the room, in order that he might have speech with me, not about the will, but about her.

"Yes, I'm better; it's the nurse that has done it," he said, and his very voice was different. "Now, if Leon had been at home, and had a chance of seeing her, he would never have given that foreign wench another thought."

"But is she not foreign? She looks a little that way," I observed warily.

"French or Belgian on her mother's side, but speaks English perfectly; far better than my wife, that has been in Scotland for nearly thirty years. Well, is the will ready for signing?"

"Yes, quite ready."

"But I may get better. Whether I do or whether I don't, my nurse must have a present. The mistress is agreed about that. It is the only thing we have agreed about since Leon went away."

"If you're going to recover, and there seems no doubt about it, Mr. Gourlay, never mind the will."

"Tell me, do you know where the lassie comes from? I've asked the doctor, but he aye sames to shove me off."

"You seem to be fond of her! I suppose if Leon had married her there would not have been such a fuss?"

"He's a big soft lump, and never would have had as muckle sense," he replied sourly, as if his disappointment had been altogether too much for him. I did not for the life of me see how the thing was going to end, and I had several uneasy moments about it, and several discussions with Arbuthnot, who did nothing but laugh his big, jolly laugh, and bid me keep my mind easy. A week or two went by, and one day, to my profound astonishment, I received at my office a visit from Gourlay himself, looking somewhat pale and wan, but apparently on the road to recovery.

"Good morning, friend, I did not expect to see you here."

"Nor wished it, maybe, Mr. Kirkland," he added grimly. "I believe that you were in the plot, too—in fact, I am sure of it."

He did not speak angrily, and I thought I'd better take the bull by the horns.

"The cat's out of the bag, then, Mr. Gourlay, and I'm not ashamed of my part in the plot. It was mine from the beginning. Don't you think I would be perfectly justified in charging a big fee for introducing you to such a charming daughter-in-law?"

"Umph! As to that, I dinna' ken. It seems to me a queer business from beginning to end. But anyway, her and me's come doon this morning to meet Leon, who has travelled from London by the night train.'

"Then you've forgiven them; that's right, Mr. Gourlay," I cried, jumping up and slapping him on the back in my jubilation. "Confess, now, you're a happy man."

"I'm not denying it," he conceded, though still a little austerely. "If I'd kent she was like that, of course, there would not have been anything said. But what do you and the doctor think of yourselves? You ought to be exposed for playing sic tricks on folk."

"But hasn't it made everybody happy, Mrs. Gourlay specially so?"

"Oh, she's like a lassie hersel. If I'd kent she felt as bad as she did—— Women are queer, Mr. Kirkland, and ye never ken them, though ye live a' yer days wi' them. But I must off to the train. Ye'd better detroy that will and come up anither day to Windlestrae, and we'll draw anither wi' some help frae the witch. She'll be naething but the witch to me to the end o' the chapter."—British Weekly.

Young People

THEN LET IT ALONE.

"I can drink or let it alone."
  Then let it alone, my friend!
For a habit but partly grown
  Is a troublesome thing to fend.
It is better to let it alone
Than to check it with blow and moan,
  And have it cling on to the end.

Says the boy: "I can let it alone."
  Then let it alone, my friend.
Why not prove that your soul's your own.
That your will is too firm to bend?
Oh, you "sometimes will let it alone,"
But just now you are no one's drone!
  Then look out for the bitter end!

So the drinker can "let it alone."
  Then let it alone, my friend!
To your cups you're already prone,
  And your ways give no sign to mend.
You just say you can let it alone,
That you are not overthrown;
But you drink right on to the end!

And the drunkard can "let it alone."
  Then let it alone, my friend!
"No!" he shrieks! "I for years have known
  Deeper woes than were ever penned!
For the drink will not let me alone
There it sits in my being's throne,
  And lashes me on to the end!"

I can't "drink or let it alone,"
  But can let it alone, my friend!
O'er the wrecks in their passion strown
  I can help to the tempted send.
I can let it entirely alone;
I can keep me in safety's zone,
  And quaff its pure springs to the end.

Yet you never must let it alone.
  Do not let it alone, my friend!
Cast it out to the Shapes that groan
  From the hearts it would sear and rend.
Never fancy to let it alone
Till you bury it under the stone
  And write: "You are there till the end!"

"I can drink or let it alone."
  Then let it alone, my friend!
Ere your hopes to the grave are flown.
  To this counsel of mine attend.
If right now you can let it alone,
Let your purpose be daily shown,
  And let it alone to the end!
—Rev. W. F. McCauley, Litt. D., in C. E. World.

WHILE THERE IS TIME.

"There's father, girls."

"Yes, and he looks tired."

"We'll soon get him out of that. Poke up the fire, Marg."

Hester ran to the door, and it was open before father had begun to feel for his latchkey. Margaret had stirred

up the coal in the grate, coaxing it in to a cheery blaze by the time father was kissed and helped off with coat and hat.

"Well, well, this is good." He came in the door rubbing his hands, his face reflecting the brightness of the fire. "Miss Emily," he said, turning with a cordial handshake to a young girl who had come in from a neighbor's, "I sometimes say that four girls are just enough—exactly fitted into my needs; but if you belonged to me, I am sure I should feel I couldn't get along with less than five. But I shouldn't want to steal you away from your father."

"There comes Uncle George," said Janet. She handed father the slippers she had been holding to warm, and went to open the door for him.

"Dear me! Dear me!" Now, if this isn't homelike! You would realize it, Allen, if you were a desolate old bachelor like me. Always being waited on, happy man," he said with a laugh as a younger girl came carefully carrying a glass of hot water.

"Oh, yes, yes," father's face beamed as he took it; "it's all nonsense, you know—the rankest kind of nonsense; but these silly girls and their mother have lately built up a theory about me that I am not quite as strong as I used to be, and need a most ridiculous amount of coddling. Nothing at all in it except that in these years you have been away we have both been getting older, and," a laugh and a pat on the head of the daughter who chanced to be nearest him, "I must say I rather like it."

"No wonder. It is better than the cold comfort of a boarding-house," said the visitor, looking around on the bright room and the bright faces with a half sigh. "I declare, Allen, I used to feel sorry for you in the old times, when I thought you had such a tug of it with family cares. Bread and butter, shoes and stockings—why, I thought myself lucky and a wise fellow in having steered clear of such burdens. But of late years I seem to have awakened to a sort of a fear that I have made a mistake. You are getting paid up for it now."

"But," said father, with a glance of sympathy at his brother, "it is you who are making the mistake in thinking it ever was a burden. The 'paying up," as you call it, has kept along with it all the time."

"I dare say," agreed the other.

"Janet," said Emily, as the two friends were seated together a little later, "hasn't it been a rather new thing with you, this waiting on your father—petting him up and taking such good care of him? Seems to me you didn't take so much interest until lately."

"I think you are right, Emily, shame to us that it was so. Well"—after a little hesitation—"I might as well tell you a bit of sad experience that came before me and set me to doing some thinking. I was making a visit to Helen Ward when her father was brought home after an attack of apoplexy."

"I remember."

"He was still living, but died soon afterwards. I came away at once, but not before seeing and hearing enough to open my eyes to which I had been blind before. It took me a good while to get over the remembrance of the misery of those poor girls. 'He's been working for us all these years,' was their cry. 'Thinking and striving for us, and we have taken it as a mere matter of course; never tried to make him happy, or show how we do love him. Oh, if only we may have a chance yet!' But they never had, poor things! I came home with a heart full of thankfulness that a chance was still left to me."

"And to me," said Emily. "I will take the lesson, too. I don't want o lay up a heartache to last all my life with the thought of lost opportunity."—Sidney Dare, in Zion's Herald.

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LIKE THE THISTLE.

"I do not like Hattie one bit, she is so stuck up!"

"I never thought she was, Mabel."

"She is. Her clothes are always better than the rest of us have."

Mrs. Merrick heard the words in pained surprise, as the voices drifted to her through the open window, where she was sitting at work. The speakers were her small daughter, Mabel, and a playmate from across the way. It was true that the little girl in question wore better clothes than most children but—

"You must know, Mabel," the other speaker said again, "that Hattie's clothes are all given to her. They are mostly made of old ones that her sisters send from the city."

"Well, I would not put on so many airs if I had to wear some one's old clothes," answered Mabel, in a disagreeable tone.

A few minutes later the other girl went home and Mabel came into the house. Her mother said nothing about the conversation she listened to, but she was thoughtful and puzzled. She had noticed several times of late that her little daughter was getting in the habit of saying sharp, disagreeable things, and she felt that she must be shown the error of her ways; but how? She had talked to her several times, but it seemed to make no lasting impression.

That afternoon she asked Mabel if she would like to take a walk with her through the fields, and Mabel consented eagerly, for they always had such good times during these walks. Her mother always explained about the the flowers and things that they found, and Mabel learned much and had a good time all at once. Today, however, her mother was rather silent and thoughtful. At length she came to a spot where the men had been very busy digging up thistles, and the plants lay withering and dying in the hot sunshine.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Merrick, "why they have dug up these thistles?"

"Why, mamma, don't you remember that papa said they must all be dug up before they went to seed because that would make more trouble next year?"

"Yes, I remember; but papa never ets them seed, so where do you suppose these came from?"

"I expect that some one else did not kill them," answered Mabel.

"But how did they get here?"

"Why, Mamma Merrick, they blew of course," cried Mabel in surprise. "You know that the thistle down is just as light as—as anything, and it can go through the air just as easy. Don't you remember, mamma, I used to call them fairy baloons?"

"Sure enough. But Mabel it seems that if we let the thistles seed they are likely to float away and injure someone else."

"Yes. course they do."

Mamma was silent a moment; then she said slowly:

"I sometimes wonder if unkind words are not like the thistledown; they float away, no one can tell just where, and hurt some one else perhaps more than ourselves."

Mabel's face was red. She knew now that her mother had heard what she said that forenoon.

"I guess, maybe, they do," she said, at last slowly.

"I am sorry then that my daughter is allowing the thistles of unkind thought to grow in her heart that the seed may trouble other lives."

"I'll try to kill them; I will, indeed, mamma. I never thought of it in that way before," and then mamma, having taught the lesson she wished they walked on and talked of other and pleasanter things, but Mabel is still diligently seeking to kill the thistles. Are you letting any seed grow in your heart?—Irma B. Matthews, in Michigan Christian Advocate.

THE KEY TO SUNSHINE BOX.

It was plain that Elva's old enemy, Ill Temper, had her in his possesison again. We were all sorry, too. She had kept away from him for so long a time that we felt she had entirely overcome him. But this morning she was very cross. She pulled at her shoe laces until she broke them; scolded grandma when her dear old hands trembled so much that she could not tie the ends together; scolded when she tripped over the rug, and even scolded baby Margaret when she tried to climb up on her lap. One had to wonder how she could be so cross on such a bright and beautiful spring morning.

"It is very cloudy this morning," said mamma as they took their places at the breakfast table.

"Yes," said Uncle Dave, with a sly glance at Elva's scowling face; "if the clouds keep on gathering, it will certainly take an April shower to scatter them."

"I wonder where Sunshine is," said mamma; "if he were here, they would soon scatter."

"Sunshine is in his box and cannot get out," replied Uncle Dave, with another sly glance. "Good Temper ran off with the key, and we will not be able to see Sunshine until he comes back and lets him out."

"I wish he would return soon," said mamma. "We do miss Sunshine so much; and then, too, we need him all the time. I wonder how we could find Good Temper?"

"That would not be hard to do. Just pull the cork out of the smile bottle and that will soon bring him back. There is nothing that will hold him fast like smiles, but frowns soon chase him away."

"O, Uncle Dave, how can you tease me so?" And two bright drops on Elva's long lashes showed that the "April shower" was not far off.

"Why-ee," said Uncle Dave, looking at his small niece in much surprise, "we were talking about Sunshine. What makes you think we are talking about you?"

"Because you mean me; you know you do." And Elva had a mind to get real angry and let the shower come down in a torrent. But just then she caught herself. She thought of how she had asked Uncle Dave to show her her faults and help her to overcome them, and in what a kind, jolly way he had just done so. And then she thought how very true it was—Good Temper running away with the key as fast as he could and poor Sunshine longing to get out. Then all at once her rosy face dimpled all over, the cork to the smile bottle flew out, and sure enough that very minute Good Temper came back and let Sunshine out.—Our Boys and Girls.

JIM'S BROTHER.

One of the world's successful men told some young men recently how, when he was a boy working in a hardware store, he wanted to leave when he was put at cleaning windows, and the young girls he called on saw him at his menial occupation. The boy complained to his father, who advised him to do the cleaning, and to do it with the best of his ability. "If you do whatever is given you to do to the best of your ability," said the father, "your employers won't find it profitable to keep you long at window cleaning."

This little story reminds us of one which was related last week to the writer by a business man. A boy had come to him desiring a position. He was given one, and all went well for a few days. Then the boy was set to work cleaning windows. His pride rebelled, he threw up his job and went home. In a few hours another boy appeared.

"I'm Jim's brother," he announced, "and I'd like to have his job. I'll clean windows or do anything you want me to do."

"Jim's brother," added the gentleman, "has already had one rise in wages, and is one of the best boys we ever had."—Christian Worker.

A RUNAWAY SMILE.

One day a little smile
Played truant for awhile,
From a room where little smiles should always be,
And a little boy said, "Can't,"
And a little girl said, "Shan't,"
And a nurse's face was very sad to see.

Then that little smile felt sorry
To have caused this dreadful worry,
So it crept beneath the nursery window-pane;
And some little sulks flew out,
And four lips forgot to pout,
Kissed instead—and nurse's face grew glad again.

Said that little smile, "I never
Thought my running off could ever
Make two people look so very, very black;
So I think I'd better stay,
Or next time I run away
They really might forget to want me back." —Unidentified.

"Serve God before the world: let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Rise to prevent the day. Sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's door opens when the world is shut in."

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